The Way of the World.

A professor from Indiana university was attending a teachers' convention. He desired to stay at a certain hotel, but when he arrived at the hotel he found a crowd of teachers bemoaning the fact that all the rooms were taken.

"It won't do you any good to ask the clerk," the professor was assured.

"Just watch me," answered the professor. He tilted his derby to one side of his head and stuck a cigar in his mouth as he approached the clerk.

"What the deuce is going on here, anyway?" he asked. "A Sunday school convention?" he added, as he glanced disdainfully at the crowd of teachers in the hotel corridor. As the hotel clerk smiled and volunteered the information that it was a school teachers' convention, the professor grunted out the fact that he wanted a room.

And he got it. The hotel clerk was scratching his head, trying to remember what firm the new arrival traveled for, while the teachers who had been "turned down" were wondering what magic the professor used to get the privilege to sign the register.—Indianapolis News.

Two Distant Suns.

The nearest star to the earth is, as far as known at present, Alpha Centauri, in the southern hemisphere. It is a double star, consisting of two suns, each about as massive as our sun and slightly brighter, revolving around each other in a period somewhat more than eighty years at a mean distance apart of about 1,000 million miles.

But the orbit is so eccentric that at one point in the revolution the two suns are not farther apart than the distance between Jupiter and our sun, while at the opposite point they are nearly as far apart as the distance of Uranus from the sun. Thus the two suns in Alpha Centauri rush around their common center of gravity, now sweeping nearer to each other and now farther apart, all their evolutions being performed within a circuit much smaller than that of the solar system.—New York Journal.

His Caller.

Some time ago Brown said to Smith: "I envy you. You come in contact with all kinds of men. You actually know and talk to burglars and other criminals. All I know about them is what I read or imagine about them. Now, the next time you meet a good burglar I want you to send him to me. Give him a card to me and tell him I will pay his carfare and expenses. I want to talk to him and see how criminals differ from other men."

Smith promised to send along the next good specimen of a burglar that came his way and forgot all about the matter until some weeks later he received this letter from Brown:

"Your friend came, but I had not expected him professionally. If you will tell him to bring back the family plate and Mrs. Brown's jewels you and I will resume social relations."—New York Globe.

Some of New York's Islands.

Hoffman and Swinburne islands are quarantine stations under the state board of health. Governors island is the headquarters of the eastern division of the United States army. Bedloe's island is occupied by the star shaped Fort Wood and the statue of Liberty. Ellis island is the immigrant station of the port of New York. Blackwell's island contains the City hospital, the Metropolitan Homeopathic hospital, the City Hospital For Incurables and the City Home For the Aged. Ward's island is occupied by the New York State Insane asylum. Hunter's island is the site of the Little Mothers' summer home. The city cemetery is on Hart's island. Randall's island contains the children's hospitals, schools and house of refuge.—New York Times.

To Thread a Hair Through a Walnut.

To pass a hair through a walnut without boring a hole seems an impossibility, but the feat has often been done. The hull of the walnut when examined with a strong glass is seen to have innumerable small openings, some of which lead entirely through the nut. The trick consists in using a very fine hair and an infinite amount of patience. Pass the hair into one of these minute crevices and urge it gently along. Sometimes it will appear on the other side at the first trial, but if it comes out at the hundred and first you will be very lucky.

Disraeli as a Turk.

At one period of his life Disraeli had decided leanings toward the life of a Turk, "very much confirmed by my residence in Turkey." And the Turkish grandee who told him that he must be one of the eastern race "because he walked so slowly" won Dizzy's heart at once.—London Standard.

Eidtorial Amenities.

An editor stopped using the headline "Local Intelligence" in his paper not long ago. A friend from another town asked the reason. The reply was, "There ain't any."—Hartford Courant.

Hot Air.

"Have you hot air in your apartment?"

"Have we? You just ought to hear the landlord telling what he is going to do for us."—Baltimore American.

So Plebeian.

Doctor—This prescription will supply iron in your system. Rich Patient—Iron is so common, doctor. Couldn't you make it gold or silver?—Boston Transcript.

Cause For Grief.

"Why did everybody cry in that last death scene?"

"Because they knew the actor wasn't really dead."—Topeka Journal.

War and Social Changes.

"War," says Emerson, "passes the power of all chemical solvents, breaking up the old adhesions and allowing the atoms of society to take a new order." That this was pre-eminently true of our own war is the opinion of Professor Fred Lewis Pattee in his "History of American Literature Since 1870." "The change wrought by the war," he says, "was far more than a rise of new activities and a shifting of population. A totally new America grew from the ashes of the great conflict. In 1860 north and south alike were provincial and self conscious. New York city was an enormously overgrown village, and Boston, Philadelphia and Charleston were almost as individual and as unlike each other as they had been in the days of the Revolution. There had been nothing to fuse the sections together and to bring them to a common vision. Until 1860 there had been no passion fierce enough to stir to the very center of their lives all of the people, to melt them into a homogeneous mass and to pour them forth into the mold of a new individual soul among the nations."

The Better Judge.

Some years ago the Oldham amateurs were producing one of Handel's oratorios, under the personal tuition and conductorship of the late Sir Charles Halle. Among the orchestra was the famous and gigantic bassoon player, George Seel of Ashton-under-Lyne. At the first rehearsal Halle went to George and, indicating several bars for the bassoon, told him not to play them on the night of the performance. George was inwardly boiling with indignation, but said nothing. On the night of the performance George played the banned music.

When the affair was over Halle went up to Seel in a great rage and, pointing to the notes, said, "I told you to leave them out, didn't I?"

"Aye, you did," said George, "but Handel towd me to put them in, an' he were a better judge than you."—London Answers.

Washington's Home.

Mount Vernon, historically the most interesting of all American mansions, was erected in 1743 for Lawrence Washington, the half brother of George, and so named in honor of Admiral Edward Vernon, R. N., under whose command Lawrence Washington had served during the British expedition against Cartagena in 1741. The property passed into the hands of George after the death of Lawrence in 1752, and the house was later improved and enlarged. When Mrs. Washington died in 1802 Mount Vernon became, in accordance with Washington's will, the property of his nephew, Bushrod Washington, who in turn bequeathed it to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, from whom it passed to a son of the same name, and in 1858 it was purchased from him by the Mount Vernon Ladies' association.

Took Away the Sting.

A pleasant retort was that given by Admiral Marsden at a dinner in Malta several years ago. It was given on the Fourth of July by him to the American officers on a man-of-war, and all the English officers in the harbor were guests. They were no better bred than many Englishmen of that day, for when the regular toast, "The day we celebrate," was read, they set down their glasses untasted. The venerable host added gently, "The day, gentlemen, when England celebrates the coming of age of her eldest daughter." Every face cleared, and the toast was drunk with hearty cheers. Wit never finds its way to the mark so swiftly as when aimed with kindness and good will.

Dumas and a Duke.

Dumas on the day before the production of his "Henri III." called on the Duc d'Orleans and practically demanded that the latter attend the performance. The duke, amused, declared it impossible, as he had a dinner party invited to his home. But Dumas, armed with abundant brass and determination, suggested that the dinner be set an hour ahead and the play begun an hour later so that the entire party might attend. Dumas had reserved all the grand circle in anticipation of his success in the encounter, and the duke owned himself routed and did as he was "ordered."

Legend of the Pearl.

The ancient inhabitants of India had a very pretty superstition concerning the origin of pearls. They believed that at certain seasons Buddha showered dewdrops upon the world, which the oyster, floating on the waters to breathe, received and held until they hardened and became pearls.

Business and Pleasure.

"We want to keep business out of politics," said the reformer.

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "you've taken all the pleasure out of it. If you take all the business out of it, too, I don't see what's going to be left."—Washington Star.

Social Aspirations.

"She likes publicity, eh?"

"Does she? Why, she thinks the society column ought to make an item of it when she gives a little breakfast to a tramp."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Retort Courteous.

She—I never helped you to make a fool of yourself. He—You didn't? Didn't you marry me?—Baltimore American.

The love of beauty is taste; the creation of beauty is art.—Emerson.

Why Water Quenches Thirst.

Thirst, a word of Anglo-Saxon origin and akin to the Latin torreo and our torrid or parched, describes a peculiar sensation of dryness and heat located in the tongue and throat. Artificial thirst may be produced by the passage of a current of air over the mucous membrane of these parts, but normal thirst is the consequence of a lack of liquid in the system. The agony of extreme thirst is due to the fact that all the tissues sympathize in this distress. It is then as a refreshing relief that a supply of water comes to thirsting lips, replacing what has been lost, cooling the parched palate and rapidly removing the craving which has depressed the system. In short, water quenches thirst just because it supplies what at the moment is wanting and is most eagerly desired, so that Solomon could properly compare the gift of "cold waters to a thirsty soul" to the advent of good news. Thirst is to some extent appeased by the injection of water into the blood or body, though no fluid touches the part to which the sensation is referred.

The Things That Come Hard.

"I am happy because it is so easy for me to write," said a beginner to one of the great masters of French prose.

"Go home and pray," said the master, "that it may come hard."

It is so of writing, so of thinking, so of life. The easy thing is barely worth doing. The hard thing is worth doing, though the end be failure. A goal, to make which one fairly tugs at life and yet misses, is better than a victory softly won.

So often the man who speaks easily tells us least, while the sparing words one wrenches from a taciturn speaker are imbedded in thought. Shakespeare said that Gratiano talked more than any other man in all Venice. But he compared his speech to a bushel of chaff in which lay hidden a single grain of wheat and that not worth the finding.—Toledo Blade.

Wandering of Minor Planets.

The "mislaying" of the minor planets is sometimes due to their actually failing to keep their appointments at the places where, according to calculation, they ought to be. An instance is the case of No. 153, otherwise known as Hilda. Dr. Palisa discovered her in 1875 and calculated her orbit. But attempts to find her again failed, and she was almost given up as lost until Dr. Palisa found her again in 1879—a long way, however, from where she had been expected. The discrepancy was caused by the effect upon Hilda of the attraction of Jupiter, of whom she is a comparatively near neighbor. For these little planets are scattered over a wide belt. Hilda gets within 33,000,000 miles of the orbit of Jupiter, and Aethra at times actually comes nearer to the sun than Mars ever does.—London Chronicle.

Dreams That Were.

The dunce has disappeared from the schools and is not even pointed out in the streets as erstwhile.

And the dear old man who used to drop in a few hours before supper and decline to remove his topcoat because he had but a few minutes to stop and who lingered until he was invited to eat, when he accepted, and who remained until 10 o'clock in the evening and then remarked that it was time for him "to be shovin' up the creek."

And the fine old gentleman who came in from the farm carrying a change in a pair of saddlebags. When did you ever see a pair of these bags?

And the gracious lady, the neighbor, who never baked anything good that she didn't send some over to your house? Eh? — Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Telephone Church Service.

Residents on the island of Guernsey, in the English channel, are enabled to listen to church service in their homes any Sunday evening at a charge of about 10 cents. Policemen and firemen, as well as lighthouse keepers and other government employees, who are prevented by their occupation from going to church, are furnished the telephone service free of charge. At Platte Fougere lighthouse station sometimes as many as eight persons sit down together to hear the telephone service from a church five miles away.—Popular Mechanics.

Cats' Eyes.

As showing how widely the permanently blue eyes of cats differ from other eyes it is noted that immediately the eyes of white cats that are to have permanently blue eyes open they shine bright red in the dark, and neither the ephemeral kitten blue nor any other colored eye does this.

History.

Brown—Anybody can make history, you know, but only a great man can write it. Smith—That may be, but when history is made it is always sure to be history, while when it is written it is merely some man's idea of history.—Life.

One Improvement.

We never hear anybody talking about the good old times without being reminded that our forefathers had to crawl head first into their shirts.—Toledo Blade.

Life's Grindstone.

Whether the grindstone of life wears a man down or polishes him up depends entirely on the stuff he is made of.—Youth's Companion.

Seldom is knowledge given to keep, but to impart. The grace of this jewel is lost in concealment.

Strength of Oysters.

If a man, in proportion, had the strength of an oyster he could lift a locomotive with ease. With the muscles with which an oyster of good size holds its shell closed a weight of thirty-five pounds can be supported. A weight of more than six pounds is required to force apart the shell of a common mussel, and in the Mediterranean a clam exists that will support nearly 500 times its own weight—equivalent to a 150 pound man supporting more than thirty-six tons. These interesting facts have been brought to light by a series of experiments and investigations conducted by Felix Plateau, a Belgian scientist. Dr. Plateau has been measuring at the same time the strength of insects. Harnessed to a delicate weighing machine of special construction, the insects were prodded into attempts to escape while weights were added until any forward movement was rendered impossible. By such means the investigator learned, among other curious facts, that a bee, weight for weight, is thirty times as strong as a horse.—Boston Herald.

The "What Is It."

"When I was a boy in Ohio there came to town one day a covered wagon containing a mysterious animal which was to be exhibited at the opera house that night," said a St. Louis gentleman who still recalls with relish some of his youthful adventures. "They called this creature the 'what is it,' and that night we all crowded into the opera house to see it. The curtain was down. Presently there was a rattle of chains behind the curtain and a scream. A man rushed out, leaped over the footlights and started up the aisle, shouting:

"'Run for your lives! The 'what is it' is loose!'

"We got out in a hurry. All of us who could not get to the door went through the windows. After the excitement had quieted somewhat we discovered that the two showmen who brought the 'what is it' to town had disappeared with the receipts. I remember that show better than any other I ever went to. Probably it was the best."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Odd Experiment.

A strange and amusing experiment is described by G. Hugo in the Electrical Experimenter as follows:

Place a copper coin on a silver coin. The former should be at least three-sixteenth inch smaller all around than the latter. A cent and a half dollar will do; an English halfpenny and a silver dollar will do better, because they are larger. On the copper coin place an ordinary earthworm and watch it try to crawl off. It cannot do it, for the instant its damp body, which is in contact with the copper, touches the silver it starts a current of electricity that gives it a shock. The shock makes the worm recoil. It tries again, but each time its head touches the silver it gets the shock and soon finds it is more comfortable to stay on the copper coin.

Of course the current thus produced is very slight, but it is quite enough for the worm.

Clever Ruse.

Even more than a fee gratefully paid does a humorous physician enjoy an extra fee adroitly drawn from the hand of a reluctant payer. Sir Richard Jebb was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. Sir Richard dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked up and restored them—three and only three. Instead of walking off Sir Richard continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked his lordship, looking around.

"There must be two still on the floor," was the answer, "for I have only three." The hint, of course, was taken, and the right sum was put down.—"Doctors and Patients."

Tireless Camels.

An eastern legend has it that the camel was fashioned last by the Creator, and so it is held in very high esteem by the people of the east. Although a somewhat unshapely and perhaps bad tempered animal, the camel is an untiring worker. He will travel on for hour after hour without appearing distressed in any way and on this account has made a good name for himself.—London Answers.

Finance.

"Hello, Bilkins. How well you look! All your worries gone up in smoke?" said Slithers joyously.

"Yes, Slithers," said Bilkins, "I've got a great load off my mind. I've just been able to borrow enough money to pay off all my debts."—New York Times.

Cutting Combs.

Combs are always cut out in pairs. The spaces left between the teeth of one comb serve to form the teeth of the other, so that in shaping one comb two are really made.

Suspicious.

Friend—So this is one of your jokes, is it? Ha, ha, ha! Humorist (testily)—Well, what are you laughing at, anyhow? Isn't it a good one?—Passing Show.

What Might Happen.

He—Yes, I am still single. She—But you intend to marry some day, do you not? He—I do unless some woman changes my mind.—Judge.

Judgment Days.

The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.—Emerson.

Perpetual Motion.

Several people have had a shot at making something that would go on forever, like Tennyson's brook. And these have not all been cranks. A mechanician, for instance, made a top, which was balanced on diamond tips and spun in a vacuum, which ran for twelve months.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented an electric watch which will go for fifteen years without requiring to be rewound.

A watch and clock maker of Burton had in his possession an electric clock of his own making which has already gone twelve years and has never failed to record the time during that period, although it has never been rewound. He claims that the mechanism will last fifty years and that he would not be surprised if the clock ran uninterruptedly for a century.

Of course the possibilities of radioactivity are today only dimly known, but they may yet revolutionize all our notions of motion and energy and put even electricity out of court.—Buffalo News.

Luck Laden.

An idle person chanced to see a wagon rolling slowly along Fulton street. Bad luck pursued it. At Broadway the driver sleepily tried to cross in disregard of the traffic policeman's ample and warning hand. His number was jotted down in the book of that recording angel and a summons was handed up. A few yards beyond and the horse, turning to avoid a hot chestnut peddler, went down in a heap. The pavement was slippery, and he must needs be unharnessed in the shafts before he could rise. Another block, and somebody was digging a hole in the street to put in some kind of a main for somebody else. The off wheels of the wagon rolled too near, and the vehicle careened and slid into the excavation. It had to be unloaded laboriously by hand before it could be jacked up level again.

The wagon carried a load of 3,000 castoff horseshoes.—New York Post.

Putting the Blame on Noah.

A tablet believed to be 4,000 or 5,000 years old and to antedate the book of Genesis by 1,000 years sets forth, according to the translation of Dr. Steven Langdon of Oxford university, England, that it was Noah and not Adam and Eve who brought about the fall of man. Noah was commanded not to eat of the cassia tree in the garden of paradise, the translation has it, and when he disobeyed the curse of ill health and an early death instead of a life span of 50,000 years like that of his ancestors, fell on him. According to Babylonian and Sumerian accounts, the flood occurred about 35,000 years before Christ, and the period between that catastrophe and creation—432,000 years—was filled in by ten kings, so that each must have ruled something like 43,200 years. The comparatively short reigns of later kings is explained as being the result of Noah's sin in eating of the cassia tree.

The Devil's Bible.

The devil's Bible is in the Royal Palace library of Stockholm, Sweden. It is a huge copy of the Scriptures, written upon 300 prepared asses' skins. One tradition declares that it took 500 years, or from the eighth to the thirteenth century, to make the copy, which is so large that it has a table to itself. Another tradition affirms that the work was done in a single night by a monk with the assistance of his satanic majesty, who, when the work was completed, gave the monk a picture of himself for the frontispiece, where, amid illuminated incantations, it is still to be seen; hence the name. This marvelous manuscript was carried off by the Swedes during the thirty years' war from a convent in Prague.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Fable.

A woman once came to the cave of a sage who was renowned for his profound analysis of her sex.

"Master," said she, "let me sit at your feet awhile. I am but a woman—faulty and foolish and weak—but I would fain be the pupil of your learning and the disciple of your virtues."

And the sage, secure in his wisdom, consented.

Then he laid himself down to sleep in the shade of a rock, out of the glare of the sun. When he wakened he was blindfolded and bound hand and foot—a prisoner to love.

He had protected himself against every feminine weapon except the most dangerous one—humility.—New York Evening Sun.

The Fault of Ridicule.

There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance. His character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass we are left in doubt.—Mark Twain.

Bean Ballots.

Black beans and white beans were used by the ancients in gathering the votes of the people for the election of magistrates. A white bean signified a "yea" and a black one a "nay." When a politician failed to get elected he literally had "spilled the beans."

What Did It Mean?

A notice board in a Scottish kirk once bore, it is said, the following amazing sentence: "This church is licensed for the solemnegation of marriages."

One of the very best of all earthly possessions is self possession.—G. D. Prentice.

Habits of Authors.

I was presented once to a lady who immediately fixed me with an eager eye.

"I am making a study of the habits of authors," she announced. (Here a dreadful sinking of the heart assailed me.) "Kindly tell me at what hour you retire."

"Usually at half past 10," I answered wretchedly.

At that, as I had expected, her eyebrows went up. "The author of 'When All Was Dark,'" she informed me, "sits up all night. She says she cannot sleep until she has savored the dawn." However, she was kind enough to give me another chance. "What do you eat?" she asked.

"Three hearty meals a day," I answered.

"Not breakfast!" she pleaded. "Why, St. George Dreamer never takes more than three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar in the morning. Just the sight of a coffee cup will upset his work for a week."

And then she left me, sure, I do not doubt, that no real author could confess to such distressingly normal habits as mine.—Atlantic.

Military Spies.

One of the ingenious ideas of modern war strategy is to utilize artist skill in making a drawing of a fortification without betraying its purport on the surface. The spy makes a drawing which appears to be an ordinary landscape. If caught with it he might pose with comparative safety as an artist who had been sketching for pleasure and was entirely ignorant of the existence of any fort and its surroundings.

Interpreted according to a secret code, however, the picture reveals to the spy's government a fairly complete plan of a fort. This is indicated by the character and position of details. One kind of tree represents an armored gun turret. A bush is an observation turret. Other forms of trees are gun positions, a couple of gates are entrances to the fort, a piece of fencing is a barbed wire entanglement, lines of bushes are ditches, and so on.—Kansas City Star.

Siamese Earth Eaters.

The Lastians of Siam actually eat and enjoy earth. It has never been discovered where these peculiar people contracted this habit, though it is generally believed that it probably came about in the time of a famine, when there was nothing else to be had.

However, the habit has now got such a hold upon them that old and young, rich and poor alike, indulge freely in its consumption. It is preferred when it has been acquired from the vicinity of waters so that it carries with it a taste of fish. It is made into a pasty substance and smothered into the ground in a hot fire. It can be obtained at markets and at stores and is served at dinners and at big functions of any description. In some parts of the Kongo earth is sold in the shape of apples and oranges and is given out in various colors—yellow, brown, gray and even pink, which is looked upon as a very delectable luxury.

Belgrade.

Belgrade, the capital of the kingdom of Servia, has gradually, for many years past, been losing its old Turkish aspect, becoming more modern, more European. The history of the city for nearly 1,000 years has been one of continual contests. The walls have disappeared since 1862; the last and finest of the five gates was demolished in 1868, and the citadel is not up to the requirements of modern warfare. The manufactures of Belgrade consist of arms, cutlery, saddlery, silk goods, carpets, etc. The chief buildings in the city are the royal and episcopal palaces, the government houses, the cathedral, barracks, bazaars, national theater and various educational institutions. The population is about 70,000.—Westminster Gazette.

What Interested Her.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, discussing the divorce evil, on one occasion said: "Love is the best foundation for marriage, of course. But common sense keeps it cool, and cool things, of course, keep the best. But selfishness kills all—and some married people are as selfish as the lady to whom the palmist said, 'These lines, alas, tell me that you are destined to wear widow's weeds.' 'Oh, dear me!' said the lady. 'For how long?'"

Roman Rulers.

Three of the greatest rulers Rome ever had were Spanish born—Trajan, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius. Later occupants of the Caesarian throne born in Iberia were Theodosius and Honorius. Seneca, Martial and Quintilian, famous in Roman letters, also were Spaniards.

Few Paupers In Japan.

There are few paupers in Japan. Everybody works, and it is considered a disgrace to be supported by your relatives while you have the ability to earn your own living.

Relic of Barbarity.

Balls placed on the top of gateposts are a survival of the barbaric practice of our forefathers, who hung over their gates the heads of their enemies killed in combat.

A Pessimist.

"Pa, what is a pessimist?"

"A pessimist is a man, my boy, who can't enjoy fine weather because he knows it isn't going to last."—Detroit Free Press.

Self respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—Herschel.